"BIG STICKS" by the CAR-LOAD

Make Secretary Loeb's Life a Burden

Clubs, Bludgeons, Shillalahs, and Anything Resembling Cartooned "Big Stick" Sent by Admirers, and Warehouse Will Soon Be Needed.

SECRETARY LOEB has a sorrow.

Not a little, "teeny-weeny" sorrow.

Not an ordinary sorrow.

Not similar to any woes such as oppress most men who grieve.

There has never been in all the world such a sorrow as this before.

IT IS THE "BIG STICK!"

Big stick here ——,

There ——,

EVERYWHERE!

He is haunted by a growing accumulation of "Big Sticks."

Every time the wheels of an express wagon are heard outside of the White House office building he trembles in his chair for fear that more of the ugly bludgeons are coming his way.

THE "Big Sticks" that are aimed at the devoted head of President Roosevelt's right-hand man are not wielded by his enemies, nor by those who would do the Executive the least harm in the world. They come from the very stanchest admirers of the Administration, from men who are willing and anxious to fight the President's battles, and it would, doubtless, be a matter of much disappointment, as well as astonishment to them if they were to learn that their offerings are not received with manifestations of joy at the President's door. The "sticks" are, of course, facsimiles of the famous cudgel that President always carries in the newspaper cartoons, and they are made from almost every conceivable material that grows on land or water, or in the air above the earth and sea. Almost every time the President reappears prominently in the papers, which happens on an average of twice a week or oftener, there is a fresh consignment of the large clubs shipped in the direction of Washington. The man in New York State who has raised an odd potato which resembles the big stick in general appearance, thinks it a great idea to send it to the President "just to remind your excellency that we are with you and that our crops are in sympathy with your teachings," while the woodsman in a lumber camp out near Seattle, who has found the limb of a tree growing in near resemblance to the famous "peacemaker," goes to great expense and trouble to tag it and ship it to the White House, with his compliments and best wishes. Every man, woman, and child in the country who can read has apparently learned by heart "Speak softly, but carry a big stick," and is on the constant lookout for the sticks. But their emotions when they discover a specimen are not to be compared with the feelings of Secretary Loeb and his assistants at the White House.

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Keep Messengers Busy.

In the first place, the man at Secretary Loeb's door—John Hans, who has all the Secretary's visitors to look after, and is as busy as can be—must receipt for the package and carry it into the Secretary's office. The Secretary is probably trying to answer the questions of four newspaper men and three Congressmen simultaneously when the package comes in, but in order to get rid of the bulky parcel calls another messenger and directs that it be taken downstairs and opened. The messenger shoulders the "Big Stick" parcel, takes it down to the basement, opens it, and brings it back to the Secretary's office. The chances are that the package contains no trace or sign of writing to identify the sender. Possibly there is a little note saying, "For the President. Will write later.—A Friend." In the course of a week or so the "Friend's" letter is brought in by the postman, and recounts some remarkable circumstance connected with the "Big Stick" which he had sent. "I met the President at Oshkosh, Wis.," the writer says, "and when I shook hands with him I told him that I was going to send him the stick. He said he would be glad to get it. I have just named my fourth boy after the President. Mother and child doing well." There's nothing for Secretary Loeb to do but write a letter of thanks to Mr. Big Stick Man of Oshkosh.

If he doesn't and fails to say how much pleased the President is to receive the "Big Stick" as well as to be made godfather of the fourth heir, the President will lose a friend. Then after the correspondence has been closed the "Big Stick" is shipped up to the attic of the White House office building, where it will rest with a collection of hundreds of others. Just what will be done eventually with the "Big Sticks" neither Secretary Loeb nor anyone else can tell. To destroy them would be considered a slight to the senders. They are of no possible use to anyone on earth, unless it be to the man who kindles the White House fires. As the wooden ones are well seasoned now, and will be even dryer before the Ides of March, 1909, it is more than probable that they will be burned up before President Roosevelt leaves the White House, unless some appropriate storing place can be found for the collection.

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Come From Everywhere.

A faint idea of the number and variety of "Big Sticks" that have been received at the White House during the last six years may be gathered when one is told that they have been sent to the President from the Philippines, Cuba, and Porto Rico, from nearly every State in the Union, and from China. A few months ago Congressman Landis of Indiana came to the White House with a constituent who had raised a "Big Stick" gourd. It was a monster vegetable, six feet long, five inches in diameter at the heavy end, and was a perfect reproduction of the cartoonists' idea. The grower of the curiosity thought so much of it that he bought a railroad ticket to Washington and back for the sole purpose of presenting it to the President. In further honor of the event the Indianian named the variety of gourd after the President, and, it is quite probable, raised a fine crop of "Big Sticks" this year, for he said he was "going into the business on a large scale."

When the President made his trip to the Coast in 1903, his train was almost loaded with "Big Sticks." Among these might be mentioned a dozen or more Alaskan "totem poles." On that same trip he visited the Pueblo Indians in the Southwest and admired their pottery. Numerous dishes and kettles of the strange earthenware were forthwith thrown upon his train, and not very long afterward on to Washington came the inevitable Big Stick from the Pueblos. It was a remarkable piece of wood, covered from end to end with strange Indian hieroglyphics, and had consumed months of some patient Pueblo's time to make. The maker of the gift had probably never heard of the "Big Stick" in all his days before he was commissioned by some white man to do the work, but as he knew it was for the Great White Father he gladly toiled over it until it was done. To refuse to accept such a gift would be little short of cruelty, so it was received by the President in the same spirit in which it was sent.

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Pretty Specimen.

One of the prettiest specimens of the "Big Stick" now rests in Secretary Loeb's desk drawer. It is a bog oak, black as tar, and is ornamented with much intricate carving. Shamrocks in high relief adorn it to remind the one who wields it that it came from dear old Ireland, and it is as heavy and as hard as iron. One blow, be it ever so light, would also forcibly remind the one who received it that it is a real Irish shillalah. If you wish to test the truth of this statement just ask the Secretary about "Big Sticks." At the first word he will reach into the drawer convenient to his muscular right hand, will quickly grip the handle of the Hibernian weapon, and will then announce himself as being sick and "dead tired of the subject." He wants no more of them in his and prays that the "Big Stickers" from the Arctic to the Equator, and from the Philippines to Maine will from this time on "forget it."

THE CAUSE:

In one of his speeches, President Roosevelt said: "Speak softly, but carry a big stick." That was the beginning!

THE RESULT:

Secretary Loeb's office is almost littered with bludgeons of every description from every section of the American domain. What will be the end?

Where Are You From? Dialect Infallible Sign

WHILE every one knows who observes at all that the English language, the mother tongue, is one thing and the American manner of speech another, not every one realizes how much the difference really is.

The written language, the language of books, practically is the same; yet idiomatically the two peoples are far apart—as far apart, for example, as Cockney dialect and Bowery dialect.

The divergence of the two countries in this particular is indicated in the following instances:

IN THE UNITED STATES.	ENGLISH EQUIVALENT.
Campaign.	Canvass.
Homely. (Not handsome: plain features.)	Homely. (Pertaining to home; unpretending).
Clever. (Good natured: honest.)	Clever. (Dextrous).
Lumber.	Deals.
Crackers.	Biscuit.
Fall.	Autumn.
The Mail.	The post.
Carrier.	Postman.
Baggage.	Luggage.
Baggage check.	Brasses.
Switching.	Shunting.
Fireman.	Stoker.
"Queer." (I. e., counterfeit money).	"Flimsies."
Off-set.	Set-off.
Sly coon.	Sly fox.
Scratches. (On the horse).	Grease.
Tramp. (A vagabond).	Tramp. (Any traveler afoot).

What a distinction there is even between the different divisions of our own land. Those who travel are quick to detect the nasal Yankee from the soft, smooth-spoken Southerner, the drawling mid-Westerner, with his "whay-er" and "thay-er" for where and there, or the far Westerner, fertile in emphasis and expletive, but otherwise combining, as the people do themselves, much of all sections, and even the Canadian, who has a manner and twang of his own.

Take, for example, the New Englander, suddenly transported South, or the Southerner thus set down in New England; either would find himself in strange company and surroundings under these conditions.

"Harf," they say in Boston, and "carf" for half and calf. "Bawston" they call their town, and "Trem-un" (Tremont) its famous retail thoroughfare. Its suburbs of Dorchester and Roxbury are "Dotschter" and "ecksbry."

In the South they say "you all" and "we all," "this yere" and "that thar," "Howdy?" and "How cum?" and "right smaht," and this among the best people. The influence of the negro dialect is marked. Surroundings as to accent and idiom make all the difference in the world.

Evening is the Southern phrase for afternoon. "Soon in the mornin'" in that district of country means early simply. "I allow" and "like I do" for as I do is Southern also; yearth for earth and yearthquake, yerb (herb) and yere (here).

"Reckon" is both Northern and Southern, but "cal'late" distinctively Yankee. Shuck is the Yankee form to hull, as peas or oysters, the Southern usage.

The following specimen Americanisms are typically Southern: Chinch, a bug; buster, a handsome child; "blonde" or "bald" whisky, cheap corn or moonshine stuff; "reverent" whisky, good and strong; "barefoot" tea, without sweetening; "belongings" or "gentlemen's belongings," clothing; "by sun," by sunset; "chunk," to punch; cymlin, or simlin, the little squash; chigger or jigger, a tick, and ticknation, a place full of ticks; "chicken fixings," a fricassee; "long sweet'nin'," molasses; "short sweet'nin'," sugar; "long sauce," beets, carrots, and parsnips; "short sauce," potatoes, turnips, onions, pumpkins; "common doin's," ordinary food; light wood, kindlings.

In the South they say "Dog my cats" and "Beswitched if I will." A negro is "raised," but a white person is "reared" or brought up. I "live" with Mr. So and So or with such a firm means I work for them.

"Bulldoze" originated in the South during the Hayes-Tilden Presidential controversy. The term "carpet-bagger," applied to the northern politicians in the South after the war, finally became so opprobrious as to actually put the old-time carpet bag out of business.

Our sporting life, naturally rich in metaphor and figurative slang, supplies the following:

"Bested," that is, beaten, worsted; "crack-a-loo," pitch and toss; "giving an item," among gamblers, tipping a hand; "simoleons," dollars, the "long green," paper money, also "dornicks," "scads," "rocks," dough," "sugar," all referring in one connection or another to the national currency.

Spiel and ausgespielt are from the German; mazuma, Yiddish; goose and kryk applied, to the Hebrew, evidently of East Side derivation, and so also is that speaking characterization of the lazy housewife spending her time at the window, a "sill warmer."

In Canada, as in Europe, all Americans are Yankees, which term being applied to a former Confederate in Toronto, "Yes," said he, "by ——, sir, in the sense you mean I am a Yankee," though he would have resented it at home.

EFFECT OF MARRIAGE ON LENGTH OF LIFE

MANY men have compiled statistics on life. Statistics are of great interest, or, at least, the things to be learned from them are. One seldom sees statistics regarding married life, but many men have collected them.

Here is a list selected from the reports of several studious investigators on the subject of the longevity of the married man and woman, and those who are single.

Married men from twenty-five to thirty years of age die at the rate of six in each 1,000. Unmarried men from twenty-five to thirty die at the rate of ten per 1,000. Thus, between those ages the married man's chances of life are almost double those of the single man. The widower of that age has less chance; twenty-two out of each 1,000 die.

Between the ages of thirty and thirty-five there is little difference in the ratio, except that a widower of that age is a little less likely to die than one younger. The figures are: Married men, seven and one-quarter in each 1,000; unmarried men, eleven; widowers, nineteen and one-half.

From thirty-five to forty the single life begins to pall on the bachelors, according to figures, and thirteen out of 1,000 "give up the chase." The married men are then just enjoying life, and only seven and one-half out of every 1,000 can be induced to let go his hold on this fleeting life. The widowers of this age, it would seem, are more easily consoled, for two less on an average die each year than they did at the ages quoted just before this.

From forty on things are settled, and, while a single man's chances are not so good as the man who pays bills for a family, still he stands the state much better than he did at the start.

Marriage conditions for women are not so favorable as for men.

A married woman under twenty-five has but a little better chance than her old maid sister. Between thirty and thirty-five wives die at at the rate of nine out of each thousand each year, while only eleven spinsters stop spinning. The comparative ratio here is noticeable: Married men, seven; bachelors, eleven; married women, eight; spinsters, eleven. It is noticeable, too, that each old maid has an allowance of just one man in the next world, according to the figures.

After a married woman has reached the age of forty her chances are greatly increased, compared to the unmarried women of the same age. Forty seems to be the turning point in the natural life of woman, and forty is surely the common point among men, for a man who has not made a success by forty probably never will.

If a man marries at twenty-five he should have forty years of married life. If he doesn't marry he cannot expect to be with us for more than thirty-five years.

A single woman's chances of life are not so great as a single man's. The average death rate of spinsters is fifty, while that of a bachelor is fifty-five. A married woman's chances for life are just the same as her husband's.

DIFFERENT AGES REFLECTED BY SPOONS!

WE are familiar nowadays with spoons of many shapes intended for every variety of purpose, but some old-fashioned styles are now merely curiosities. There is the old-fashioned marrow spoon, for instance, which was used for extracting marrow from bones. It was made double, one end being used for small bones and the other for those of larger bore.

Another example is the mulberry spoon. This has a perforated bowl and a spiked and pointed handle. The implements were made for use in a day when mulberries were much more commonly eaten than they are at the present time. With the perforated bowl a little sugar was sprinkled on the berry, which was then conveyed to the mouth on the spiked end of the handle.

The introduction of tea led to the making of a variety of new kinds of spoons, including the necessary teaspoon itself, some of which still remain in use, while others have disappeared. At South Kensington, in England, may be seen, for example, a curious collection of the little scoops so well known to our great-grandmothers as "caddy spoons."

Tea caddies of the old-fashioned kind have long been superseded, and when the caddy with its two-lidded and metal-lined end compartments and sugar bowl in the cavity between went out of use the caddy spoon or scoop disappeared also.

Another obsolete curiosity is the snuff spoon, which, in the days when nearly everybody took snuff, and took it everywhere, was used for conveying the scented powder from the box to the hand, or in some cases direct to the nose, candle spoons and pap spoons are also out of date. A gentleman a few months ago wrote that he had in his possession a silver pap spoon which had been originally given by the Marquis of Exeter to a member of the Hoggins family of Bolas. The possessor of this spoon remarked that it had been given to him by his father, with the wish that it should be handed over to the first married in each succeeding generation, for as such it had come to him through the intermarriage of the two families in years gone by.

Three hundred years ago there was a common spoon at Ilford, in Essex, which held more than a quart. Others of more legitimate make were such as the curious combination implement with which folks of that date were familiar. When most people still dipped their fingers into the general dish to help themselves to meat, more dainty diners carried about with them an implement which was a combination of spoon and fork and toothpick.

The fork was at the back of the spoon, while the handle of the double article was finished off with a little figure terminal, which served as handle for the toothpick. The terminal figure was a very favorite form of spoon ornamentation.

It is most familiar in the apostle spoons, of which original sets fetch such high prices and of which latter-day imitations are so abundant, but the figures were by no means confined to the apostles.